



THE FARMER'S TALK TO FARMERS

WHAT DAIRYMEN WOULD DO IF PAID FOR IT

(Written Specially For The Bulletin.)

It's the tendency of old farmers to get into ruts. We may have struck out new roads, once, we've travelled them, long, many years till they are now old roads and ruts. We have made the ruts ourselves and our old wheels roll smoother in them. We tend to a fondness for them. Why bother making new tracks when the old ones will "do"?

That's a very common phrase in my part of farmingdom, "oh, don't fuss, it'll do." Is there evidence of lost motion in the moving machine? Oh, well, there's only an acre or two to till, "it'll do." Does a fence need repair? We're in a hurry about other things; stick in a piece of brush; perhaps it'll "do." Is our potato patch full of weeds in the rows and among the hills? We're short-handed; run through it once with the cultivator; that'll have to "do."

We old farmers drift into this state of mind and this habit of work. Perhaps a new tool might be better. But the old one will "do." Perhaps the new methods may have much to commend them. But our old methods will "do." So we stick to the old machines and the old ways. And the youngsters, when they get together, poke no end of fun at us as "old fogies."

I don't want to get into that habit or that class. It never was clear to me why a man — farmer or president — should stop learning when he got to be twenty-one, — or thirty-one, or ninety-one, for that matter. If the world doesn't know more, now, than it did ten years ago, then it's a stupider world than men with brains ought to associate with. If it isn't better, now, than it was a hundred years ago, then it's a rotten shell than a cold storage egg of the vintage of 1901. If it isn't the time finding out new ways to do new things, or better ways to do old things, then the sooner it tumbles into the sun and makes a few minutes fire warm up Venus and Mars the better!

But, say, some of these new-fangled fancies of new-fangled farming do, after all, make even my progressive soul blink a little. I am not a dairy farmer. I tried it in a small way, and found that the mere pleasure of the cows' society didn't adequately reward me for the money and time I lost on them. Since then, I've been content with just one or two — enough to furnish us with what milk and cream and butter we want, and occasionally help out a cow-less neighbor. The other day I got hold of a leaflet giving in brief form a summary of what the sanitary authorities of one city in New York state consider perfect dairying. It is too long for me to quote in full, and many of its items are such as I should all agree with. But I want to cut out a few, and ask what you think of some of them.

One is that every milch cow must be tuberculin tested every year. Another is that she must have a stable, as light as a well-lighted living room with not less than four square feet of light from either east, south or west, for each cow.

Another is that the hair about the udders must be kept clipped. Another is that the whole cow must be well brushed, and, if necessary, washed, every day. That the udder must be "thoroughly brushed at least thirty minutes before milking and washed just before milking, leaving

the udder damp to cause dust to adhere.

Another is that there must be no mudhole or pile of manure in barnyard or pasture.

Another is that there must be dust tight partitions between the space occupied by the cows, and that used "for any other purpose."

Another is that milk utensils must be regularly sterilized, and "no laundry soap used."

Another is that the milkers must wear clean suits, "freshly laundered" for each milking.

Another is that the milk must be sterilized by hands thoroughly before milking each cow, and keep "hands and coats dry when milking."

Another is that the milk must be cooled to a temperature below 50 degrees F., within fifteen minutes after milking, and kept at or below that temperature till sold.

Now, I have no doubt that, from the standpoint of the analytical chemist, a good deal may be said, for all these rules, have no doubt, also, that from a similar theoretical standpoint something might be said in favor of keeping the cow all her life in an air-tight glass chamber, supplied with scientifically regulated amounts of sterilized air and water and food and scientifically regulated intervals, and milked with a sterilized machine driven by sterilized gasoline.

But how about it from the standpoint of the practical farmer who keeps cows and sells the milk for a living, and must make a living from them?

And, by the way, how is the poor farmer going to obey the rule which requires him to keep "hands and coats dry when milking," after he has just saved the other rule which commands him to wash the bag "just before milking, leaving the udder damp to cause dust to adhere?" Seems to me it must be quite a trick to keep your hands "dry" while pumping away at a bag moist enough "to cause the dust to adhere" to it.

In the very city where these rules are set forth for the guidance of the dairy farmer, — where the dairies are graded according to scores based on these rules, — the farmers have been getting from the retailers either three and a half or four cents a quart for their milk, the exact figure being based upon the extent to which they obey the rules. Now as long ago as 1908, careful records of a test herd near this same city showed that the cost of extra feed and averaged 2.95 cents per quart of milk, and the interest charge on investment to be 1.45 cents more, — a total of 4.40 cents per quart. This without any provision for losses, or for payment to labor. The particular farmer who owned and milked this particular herd was one of those setting three and a half cents a quart. It cost him four hundredths of a cent more. But he had the manure.

If he had gone into the extra fiddling faddling which would have enabled the scientific sanitary detective to grade him up into the four cent class, the extra cost it was agreed, would have used up all the extra income and left him, proportionately, just as bad off.

But — "he had the manure." Yes indeed. And isn't that worth something? Let me quote from a milk expert's comment:

"The financial situation of the average milk producer may be summarized by saying that he spends his time in growing crops to make milk to get fertilizer to grow more crops to make more milk to get more fertilizer."

Catch one? He produces milk at a loss to get fertilizer to make more milk at another loss.

Now set the boys from the agricultural college to figuring, if you will, how two losses make one profit!

This farmer lost money on every quart of milk he sold. But he had a lot of manure, and so kept putting that manure back and raising more crops, all of which he turned into more milk, to sell at another loss.

And still some people wonder why farmers don't wear more diamonds and go to church on Sundays in airships.

There isn't the slightest doubt that dairy farmers are perfectly willing to wash off their own with rum and peroxide of hydrogen twice a day, put on a new suit of linen pajamas for each cow they milk, keep her in a stable floored with 24-a-yard linoleum, dress her in silk pantaloons, and pink ribbons on her horns, — if the people who buy milk are willing to pay for that sort of thing and pay him for doing it.

— But the attempt to force him into producing fancier milk than they can pay for, is simply an attempt by legislation to pauperize or bankrupt him for the behoof of somebody else.

As I have said, I'm not a dairy farmer. I once tried to be and gave it up.

because I kept account with my cows and found that they actually cost me more than they yielded me. At the time I, perhaps over-modestly, assumed that the fault was in myself, that I wasn't fitted for the business or that my farm wasn't suited to it. But the more I read about other peoples' dairies, about the way health boards are bullying them and legislatures lassoing them and retailers robbing them and consumers cursing them, — the more glad I am that I sent Old Brindle to the beef barrel.

It's pleasanter and, ordinarily, a more profitable occupation to fight potato bugs and cut worms and cabbage maggots and cucumber beetles and asparagus rust than to produce milk under the eyes of chemical gentlemen who couldn't milk a nervous heifer in fly time to save their lives and for the benefit of grumbling consumers who compel you to sell your product for less than it has cost you, and swearing mad most of the time, because you aren't willing to lose still more on it.

I'm inclined to think that clean milk is a good thing; — a better thing than dirty milk.

I'm also inclined to think that a good thing is worth paying for. Still, I'm inclined to think that men who try to compel farmers to sell them good stuff at less than cost are naturally allied with the hog family.

And I don't like hogs, either two-footed or four-footed. Do you?

THE FARMER

NEW LONDON'S FIRE APPARATUS

Old Niagara Engine May Participate In New York Parade — Governor's Failure To Re-appoint Not Pleasing — Associated Charities Fully Organized.

It is quite probable that New London will be represented in the parade of fire apparatus in New York, incidental to the annual meeting of the National Association of Fire Chiefs, next September. The Niagara company has received invitation to participate with its old automobile engine and hose wagon, the first to be used in active service in the United States, in order to show the improvement that has been made in the past two years in horseless fire engines.

The old Niagara is driven by steam and has boiler and smoke-stack. It is in striking contrast of the modern machines of the present time, as is shown by this first American LaFrance by comparison with the present Niagara engine, which is modern in every detail and manufactured by the same concern. This old machine was nick-named Maude by some jealous firemen upon its arrival and the name was adopted by the Niagara.

Maude has been out of commission since the city purchased the new machine as a successor. In order to get the very best of the old Niagara turned in the old machine, which was company property, in order to raise the sum required for purchase of the new one, the city of New London appropriated. When the time neared for the departure of Old Maude sentiment was strong for the retention of the old machine. The city of New London had done so. The Niagara reappeared and now Maude is in the fire line. Should the invitation to participate in the parade be accepted, and it probably will be, Maude will be thoroughly overhauled and be put in good running order, and be a feature of the big parade.

The Niagara is a regular bunch and it would not surprise New Londoners if they had a division of their own in the parade. This company has one of the handsomest fire engines in the country, one which was built for the Taylor Hose company of Philadelphia, and was a prize winner at the Crystal Palace fair, before the city war. The parade reel is of glass inlaid with pearl and all the steel work is silver-plated. With the old hand-drawn hose wagon following the band, then Old Maude and the new machine following, would serve in illustration of the evolution of fire apparatus.

There are political stories in all sections of the state showing a lack of democratic enthusiasm for the advancement of Governor Baldwin to the United States senatorship or his re-nomination for governor. The great majority of democrats and by the way, to the victors belong the spoils persuasion, evidently have no political objection to the governor's going to the United States. His chances of getting a nomination for any office from the democrats are considered as very slim indeed. Nearly every democrat and even the barbers of the state are against him. The governor set out to abolish the self-sustaining barbers commission, but was successfully opposed by the general assembly. But the governor evened up matters by firing the three commissioners, the majority of whom were democrats and appointed an entirely new board, just because the old board objected to the abolishment of the commission. The governor was so anxious to make a clean sweep that he even refused to appoint an Italian as a member of the commission, as had always been the rule, owing to the large number of Italians who are barbers and the necessity of having one of the commissioners from each of the shops.

The barber commissioners who were not reappointed by the governor were competent and satisfactory to the great majority of the barbers of the state and to the people generally who appreciated the improved sanitary conditions of the barber shops. Thomas G. Leis, president of New Haven, George Goss, secretary and treasurer of New London, and George H. Hissman, of Willimantic. Their terms expired July 1 and with the best record ever achieved by a board of barber commissioners in the state. They have more licenses in one year than any preceding board, which shows attention to duty and strict enforcement of law. Still they were all bounced by the governor, though everyone of the trio were entitled to reappointment by reason of good service rendered.

The Associated Charities of New London is now fully organized and officered and ready for business. While the scope of the new organization is not fully announced it is presumed from the name that all charitable organizations now in existence are supposed to associate with the associated charities. The new organization will probably exert influence that will materially reduce the necessity for charity in its generally accepted term. All of which is well. But the question arises will all the other charity shops in New London close their doors? It is a known fact that many people engaged in charitable work as representatives of organizations rather like the work for the prominence it gives them as charity workers and with others it is a fact. There are people engaged in the work of dispensing charity who seem to be of the opinion that there are no deserving poor and all who seek or accept public aid are impostors and need to be closely watched. There is not much charity in this sort of rancor. Even in the charity department of the city of New London an inspection

sonal investigation of all who make donations for help in the name of charity, and as a reasonable result the really deserving will endure continued effort of doing more than the rest of getting aid under false pretences.

True charity should be dispensed with generous hands and the act should not be individualized. In every instance the beneficiary, or rather the applicant, should be given the benefit of the doubt. Some years ago, perhaps before the present associated charities was not thought of, the people generally contributed to a relief fund which was founded by a wealthy lady of the city, who kept the fund in a healthy condition whenever it was weakened by lack of public subscriptions. In fact that lady was the head and director of that fund and the dispenser acted under her directions. Her order were to give the applicant the benefit of the doubt and to give immediate relief. Every case, however, was thoroughly investigated and the applicants were not so few that they were not worth while.

After careful examination of the manner in which the relief fund was conducted, among the regular donors to the fund, winter after winter, the late Augustus C. Williams, the late Thomas W. Williams, the late Col. Augustus C. Tyler, the late Robert Colt, the late Rev. Thomas P. Joynt, and the late George Williams. These are named in preference to the living in honor of the understanding that contributions were not made to the fund for the purpose of expediting the givers as charity givers who gave for good running and thanksgiving from the beneficiaries and getting the praise of their fellow citizens. All poor people are ardent and their application for aid should be received in an honest spirit and not with a feeling that even applicant was an impostor and should be investigated before given any aid. Humiliating the humiliated poor is not any part of true christian charity.

Toiland County COLUMBIA

Coventry Nine Defeated 10 to 9 — Clayton Lyman Given a Party — Preacher From Nebraska.

A closely contested ball game was played on Columbia Green last Saturday afternoon and by the local nine and the South Coventry nine. At the close of the sixth inning the score stood 7 to 4 in favor of Coventry and at the close of the ninth the score was 9 to 9. In the tenth inning but one run was made. Score 10 to 9 in favor of Columbia.

Miss Harriet K. Porter has been visiting friends in Kensington.

Campers at Church. Mr. Carter who is at the Lake in charge of a camp of boys, from the Center church, Hartford, attended the Sunday morning church service with his boys. There was also a delegation of boys with their manager from Willimantic camp at the Lake.

The Ladies' Aid Society met with Mrs. Mary B. Yeomans, Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Alice Brown of Old Lyme was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Collins, last week.

Pope Bicycles, Motorcycles, United States Tires, and Bicycle Sundries, for sale by F. H. Avery, Columbia Green. — Adv.

Party at The Hall. Clayton Lyman gave a party at Yeild Hall, Friday evening of last week. Music was furnished by Edward Carter of Hartford and Mrs. F. A. Abell of this place.

The new cottage erected by the Sawyer family at Brick Top on the east shore of the Lake, is occupied by Mrs. Natch and family of Brooklyn.

Miss Marjorie Beebe of Willimantic was the guest of Misses Madeline and Marion Holmes, last week.

In the absence of Rev. E. O. Foster, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. George B. Hawks of Southern Nebraska, who preached a most excellent discourse on the topic — "Can we live together?"

Mrs. Kate Wolff visited friends in Norwich last week.

With all the bungalows and cottages about the Lake occupied, and several camps of young people the Lake presents a lively picture at this season.

The property known as the Betsey Button place, located in Pine street, has been sold to Root Brothers, of Leonard Bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. John Randall of Willimantic were calling on friends in this place, Wednesday.

Inspecting Schools. William H. Bliss, supervisor of schools, in Litchfield county, is now inspecting school buildings in various parts of the state relative to fire escapes.

F. H. Avery and family of East Hartford are at their bungalow on Columbia Green for the summer.

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